Explicit

Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Other

Star Trek (2009)

Spock/Annoyance
Kirk/Stupidity
McCoy/Drinking
Uhura/Awesome
Pike/LOLs

sexwiki
English

24 x 22 cm

leupagus , rageprufrock

Summary:

"IF YOU ARE TIRED OF OF BOLDLY GOING WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE, BOLDLY COME WITH US!"

Notes:

For the purposes of this story, Gaila's last name is Liberace. YEAH. MULL IT.

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes) .)

Subject: CALLING ALL SPECIES! (THAT DO NOT ENGAGE IN ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION!)
Reply to: wanted-sf70188701@starfleet.ea.edu

ATTENTION CADETS, OFFICERS, AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN INTRASPECIES COOPERATION AND NEW EXPERIENCES:

WE ARE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD SENTIENTS TO ASSIST WITH A REVOLUTIONARY STUDY THAT IS SURE TO BLOW YOUR SOCKS OR EQUIVALENT LOWER EXTREMITY COVERINGS OFF! ALL PARTICIPANTS MUST BE SEXUALLY WILLING, ABLE, AND ACTIVE. OPEN MINDS A MUST.

IF YOU ARE TIRED OF OF BOLDLY GOING WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE, BOLDLY COME WITH US!

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To: jtkirk@starfleet.ea.edu
From: lmccoy@med.starfleet.ea.edu
Subject: Reply to: [CALLING ALL SPECIES! (THAT DO NOT ENGAGE IN ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION!)]

Jim, I swear to fucking GOD. Is this shit you? *IS THIS YOU*? What the fuck are you planning? No, don't tell me. I can't bear to hear it. The universe record holder for largest confirmed orgy is something in the neighborhood of 300+ sentients, and that was in a planet that engages in psychic sex -- THERE IS NO WAY YOU CAN BEAT THAT, ALL RIGHT?

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To: lmccoy@med.starfleet.ea.edu
From: jtkirk@starfleet.ea.edu
Subject: RE: Reply to: [CALLING ALL SPECIES! (THAT DO NOT ENGAGE IN ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION!)]

I'm hurt. I'm hurt and actually a little offended that you'd think I would ever use the campus bulletin board to post something so tawdry, so base, as an academy-wide orgy invitation. You realize that, rumors and innuendo (and that time you caught my TA *and* my professor sneaking out of my dorm room)(okay, and that time you had to freeze off the Andorian cysts from my dick, but it was just ONE TIME)(and, fuck, that time with me and Carol in the flight simulator -- I swear to God, though, I had no idea she'd engaged the video feed with her foot) aside, you don't have any actual *proof* to back up your little theory that I'm a "TurboWhore from the Planet Sluttycake." Which, by the way, now I know what kind of porn you watch, and I can NEVER UN-KNOW THAT.

And in re: 300+ sentients in an orgy: a) the record is 357 on Betazed sixteen years ago, b) that sounded like a dare, Bones.

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First off, "Planet Sluttycake: Red Velvet" had been a present *from Jim*, so his taking any sort of moral high ground on that was God damn hilarious to begin with; secondly, Leonard's had the misfortune of being friends with Jim Kirk for long enough to know that anything that sounds even vaguely like a dare is already being processed like one in that kid's rat trap of a brain. It's like that time Leonard said, "There is no way you could fit your fist there. Plus, I don't think your arm bends like that," which had established that while Jim *could* fit his fist up there, no, his arm didn't bend like that, not really. So understandably, Leonard's first move after he gets that email is to check the admitting records from Starfleet's on-campus health service, and since there aren't any entries like, J.T.KIRK SELF-FISTING ACCIDENT, BRING CROWBAR, CAMERAS, he figures nothing dire is happening at the moment and goes to class.

That's a mistake, because when he gets home at quarter to five, there are like seventy-eight people in his and Jim's room.

"What the hell is going on in here?" he shouts over the din, over the rainbow of species, all -- thank God, Leonard thinks -- still clad in cadet red.

"Bones! Bones, Bones! Guys, Bones is here!" Jim shouts out, and Leonard can hear his roommate's voice but he can't see his stupid face, and then most of the people in the room turn around to wave at him and chorus, "Hi, Bones," like this is a fucking Alcoholics Anonymous meeting and they're all going to talk about submitting themselves to a higher power any minute now.

"What are all these people doing in our God damn room, Jim!" Leonard pauses. "Also, where *are you*?"

Someone taps him on the shoulder, and Leonard sighs, turns around and faces Jim, who's looking manic and too pleased.

"It's the *committee*, Bones," Jim tells him. "They're all volunteers."

Leonard gives a jaundiced look to the crowd behind him, all returned to chattering with one another brightly. Jim's never been particularly picky about who he sleeps with -- for example, Jim had once lectured him for an hour about how "no uglies" policies were actually self-defeating and that he had a "love me some fucking uglies" policy instead -- but seriously, there are some people here who should be weeded out with a "no uglies" policy.

"Okay, I've suddenly developed the ability to see the future, Jim," Leonard says, "And I know that in ten seconds I'm going to regret asking this question. But what are they volunteering for, exactly?"

Jim's grin gets bigger and more perverted, which hey, Leonard hadn't even thought was possible. "For the wiki project, Leonard. Gaila and I decided to put together a database for Starfleet cadets about sexual practices of all available species, as well as inter-species compatibility."

"For the love of God, Jim," Leonard groans, "You can't be serious."

"It's not for love of God, Bones." Jim looks very, *very* serious. "It's for the love of science."

"Huh," Leonard says. "Psychic powers are a go."

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To: jtkirk@starfleet.ea.edu
From: cpike@starfleet.ea.fed
Subject: Reply **to: [CALLING ALL SPECIES! (THAT DO NOT ENGAGE IN ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION!)]**

Friendly reminder that you haven't actually been given command of the *Enterprise* yet -- you haven't even *graduated* yet, actually -- so anything you could do to see your way toward not getting an embarrassing venereal disease before the chest candy ceremony next month would be much appreciated.

-Pike

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"So sad to see what a trauma like that does to a man," Jim mutters, stuffing his communicator back into his pocket. "So about the supplies for the initial leg of the mission, I was thinking we'd keep it light on -- what?" he demands.

Spock, who hasn't said much since Jim came into his office, plopped down in the guest seat, and started tossing PADDs at him about the upcoming mission of the Enterprise, just lifts an eyebrow. Jim needs to take lessons; the only way he knows how to lift his eyebrow is in a way that invites people to sleep with him, and while that's got its upsides, the Eyebrow Lift Of Mild Condescension would probably come in handy. "I was merely going to observe that I have noticed no difference in Admiral Pike's behavior since his injuries," he says.

"I wasn't talking about his *injuries*, I was talking about his *promotion*."

"Ah," Spock says.

"So, about our supplies--"

"You are forgetting, Mr. Kirk," Spock says, "That I have not accepted a commission aboard your vessel. Your ship's supplies are not my concern."

"Jesus, it's like trying to get into Jenny Komblowski's pants in the ninth grade," Jim says, because it's true. "You want me to bring you flowers or something?"

An expression of -- surprise, maybe -- flickers across Spock's face. "I am allergic to most Terran flora."

"You are, or all Vulcans?" Jim says, digging around in his back pocket for a stylus. This isn't, strictly speaking, something for the sexwiki, but hey, never hurts. Actually, they can put it down under Human/Vulcan Courtship Rituals: Taboos And Bad Ideas. That section's already among the longest, although weirdly Jim thinks he's the only person populating it.

"I believe all Vulcans." Spock looks kind of worried when Jim starts scribbling something down on the nearest PADD.

"Great. Oh, hey, you don't know by any chance if any Vulcans are going to be stopping by Earth any time in the next few weeks? Like, any horny ones?"

Spock stares at him, unblinking.

"No? You want me to go, don't you. Okay. Think about the supplies? And get back to me about any Vulcans who want to, uh, just let me know, okay?"

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To: spock@starfleet.ea.fed
From: cpike@starfleet.ea.fed
Subject: Are **you going to do anything about this? [CALLING ALL SPECIES! (THAT DO NOT ENGAGE IN ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION!)]**

I know you secretly think he's funny, but come on, Spock.

Chris.

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To: cpike@starfleet.ea.fed
From: spock@starfleet.ea.fed
Subject: Re: Are you going to do anything about this? [CALLING ALL SPECIES! (THAT DO NOT ENGAGE IN ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION!)]

Admiral,

First, I must correct you in your thinking that I find Cadet Kirk's behavior amusing. As we have already had multiple discussions on the illogical and inconsistent nature of humor, I will not reprise it. Second, I confess I am baffled as to why people continue to imbue me with responsibilities toward Kirk's behavior that I do not possess.

I saw you across the quad today and noticed you are favoring your right arm, which leads me to believe you are blatantly ignoring your physical therapist again.

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To: spock@starfleet.ea.fed
From: cpike@starfleet.ea.fed
Subject: You're not my first officer anymore. Leave me alone.

Cram it, Spock.

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To: cpike@starfleet.ea.fed
From: spock@starfleet.ea.fed
Subject: Re: You're not my first officer anymore. Leave me alone.

As I am currently without a commission, I would be readily available should Starfleet assign me to its latest member of the admiralty as an assistant.

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The most fundamental parts of the sexwiki are coming along, well enough that it's starting to get some academic rather than puerile interest from people and Jim's not wincing anymore every time some line officer brings it up casually in conversation. The initial group of volunteers -- open-minded, sexually gregarious people all, no matter how many times Bones tries to debase their enthusiasm by calling them sluts -- has a pretty good combination of first-hand knowledge already, and after a while it becomes apparent that the project, when complete, will more resemble a database than just a wiki.

They've got a good 30% of single-species sexual interactions already listed and accounted for, and between Jim and Gaila, they've got 5% and counting of bi-species safe sex practices accounted for, although along the way they stumble upon a couple of issues that Jim hadn't anticipated, like for example the fact that stuff Gaila thinks makes sex safe doesn't necessarily actually make sex safe.

"You didn't use that when we were doing it, did you?" he asks, looking nervously at the tube of Orion spermicide that Gaila just produced. He doesn't remember it being that purple, or with that particular smell -- kind of like apples and cow shit all mixed together.

She blinks sweetly. "Of course I did. Orions are very fertile, and I didn't want to have your baby."

Jim makes a face. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," she coos.

"Gaila," Jim says, trying to refocus, "That spermicide has like, forty-eight things that are deadly to humans!"

"You're supposed to ejaculate in it, not eat it," Gaila sighs, long-suffering. "Gosh. So uptight."

Bones, who's been listening to the entire conversation in between eating his lunch and pretending to ignore them in favor of studying the Andorian nervous system, snorts laughing so hard he gets a pinto bean stuck up his nose, which derails the entire meeting, because it's both gross and totally hilarious.

"So okay," Gaila says, once Bones has been whacked between the shoulder blades and has sent himself to the infirmary to check that nothing's sprouted in his sinuses, because he's a paranoid old fart, "We've got a lot of information from the volunteers, and hey, just so you know? Cadet Hoidaeribol and Ensign Sry'toth managed to get themselves dis--" she makes a gesture with her hands held together and then shoved apart violently, and Jim's grateful that he doesn't know the specifics but that gesture conveyed a lot, "Whatever. Anyway, I thought we should hand out some, you know, questionnaires to other people who aren't part of the actual Fucking Club."

"I thought we were calling it the Collaborative Reproductive Health Association," Jim protests.

"No, only you. Everyone else is calling it the Fucking Club. Anyway!" Gaila hands him a form. "What do you think? I had a few friends fill it out as a test."

Jim looks it over. It's pretty thorough, although Jim thinks that having a free response section on your species' relative tolerance for surface piercings is probably overdoing it. "Did you give one to Uhura? She'd probably have some good perspectives. All those xenolinguistic courses."

"Jim, are you calling my roommate a slut?" Gaila asks. Not in a Oh No You Did Not Just Say That About My Bestie kind of way, but in a That's The Sweetest Thing! kind of way. He opens his mouth to answer when he hears a voice behind him.

"Yeah, Jim, are you calling her roommate a slut?"

Jim feels the cringe start in his balls and work its way out from there. "Hey, Lieutenant. What's shaking?"

Uhura sits down in Bones's vacated seat and smiles at him, wide and fake and not even pretending to be friendly. "Hi there, Captain-Presumptive. Here," she says, handing Gaila the form. "I think it's fantastic. You might want to reword questions four and nineteen to include any non-genital sexual encounters, since there are a few species who count a lot of that stuff as sex, too. But it looks great!"

The difference between the smile she gave Jim and the one she gives Gaila is really depressing. Plus he's been angling to get her assigned to the Enterprise, performing all kinds of totally unethical and dubiously-legal stunts to make other captains pass her over, and if it turns out he went to all that trouble and she still hates his guts, this is going to be a long-ass mission.

"So you filled it out?" Jim says, clearing his throat.

This time the smile's different. Jim's still scared of it, though. "Oh, yeah. I gave you lots of very interesting facts for your little project. You'll be really busy with this, I'm sure."

~~Collaborative Reproductive Health Association Survey~~
FUCKING CLUB SURVEY!!!!!

WE VALUE CONFIDENTIALITY SO YOU CAN VALUE TRUTH -- PLEASE BE FORTHCOMING. IT IS FOR A NOBLE CAUSE.

(1) Species (if you are not filling this out for yourself, but for a species with which you have engaged in copulation, specify with *): Vulcan*

(2) Experience: 1 year relationship, occasional sexual activity (see below)

(3) Methodology (please describe as well as possible, specifying species of participant parties -- attach additional page if necessary): Humans and Vulcans can copulate through more or less traditional human methods, insofar as Vulcan males possess a penile member that, when aroused, stiffens and is utilized for penetrative sex. The male Vulcan member is enormous -- I once described it as "like a baby's arm" -- and probably very dark green when it is flushed with blood and fully erect (the party with whom I was engaging in coitus was half human, and therefore it was more brown, from red and green blood mixing), but only when it is erect. Normally, the penile extension is hidden within a vaginal-like pouch, and there are no discernible testes. When aroused, the Vulcan male must reach into the vaginal pouch to liberate the penile extension, which, not unlike some large mammals, is too large and heavy to maintain vertical integrity on its own, and thus he must guide it into the genital opening of his partner -- VERY CAREFULLY. It is seriously tremendously impressive. To use a phrase I know the universal translator struggles with: that shit is for real. Re: above reference to "occasional": Male Vulcans can only mate once a month. It is such a taxing experience to the respiratory system that any more would be a trial to their health.

(4) Safe sex practices: Obviously, it is difficult to find condoms that can fit the impressive girth and length of the male Vulcan penile extension, but extra-extra large magnums can be relied upon to cover up the essentials, and further oral contraceptives are recommended for a female partner, although it is unlikely conception would occur being that Vulcans and Humans are not actually genetically compatible. (However, if fucking a Vulcan-Human hybrid, better safe than sorry.) While there should be no other impediments to copulation -- actually, the Vulcan male penile extension self-lubricates for ease of entrance, if its size and shocking length were not already inducements enough -- it is highly recommended that both parties have a serious discussion about safety and limits, given the extreme largeness of male Vulcan dick.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 2 FOR FURTHER QUESTIONS.

"Oh my God," Jim says.

"You're drooling," Gaila observes, trying to take the paper away from Jim and failing. "Let go."

"Oh my *God*," Jim moans, feeling super, super crazy. "Did you read this?"

"Yes," Gaila sighs. "It explains so much. The funny walking; how luminously well-fucked she looked."

Jim's fingers go weak, and Gaila collects Uhura's survey, shuffling it along with the rest from the Collaborative Reproductive Health Association, looking pleased as punch and as if she's somehow *not* very overcome by the matter of Spock's *fucking gigantic baby's arm dick*.

"I just," Jim says, struggling to find the words to express all the feelings he has about this situation. "I mean -- wouldn't that hurt?"

Gaila purrs, "Oh, *yes*, deliciously."

"Or, you know, break her pelvis?" Jim continues on bravely, in the name of science. Uhura's a tiny slip of a thing, mean as shit, obviously, but her hips are so thin and probably her plumbing is built to match, and fuck, now all Jim can think of is horrible holoporns he's seen where hairy, ugly men refer to their cocks as cuntwreckers. Fucking fabulous.

"You'd be surprised how much we stretch," Gaila tells him helpfully, and checks her watch. "Oh! I've gotta run. I made a date to have sex with two people this afternoon."

Jim waves at her dully, staring off into the San Francisco skyline and feeling horrible about everything. "Okay. Great."

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VULCAN

(former homeworld: Vulcan; colonies: Abraxin Four, also sizeable populations on Earth and Tellar Prime)
Vulcans are a humanoid species who evolved on the planet Vulcan, and are noted for both their adherence to logic and for their incredibly exhausting sexual marathons. There are currently no Vulcans participating in the Collaborative

Reproductive Health Association.

1) Anatomy

2) Sexual encounters

3) Special skills

4) Compatability

5) Safety Tips

6) Cultural norms

7) Courtship Rituals

1) Anatomy

While Vulcan males may appear, upon preliminary examination, to possess genitalia similar to other humanoid species in this quadrant, they in fact have a reproductive system that is unique. The Vulcan penis retracts into a pouch, possibly as a defense mechanism against the wild desert animals that populated Vulcan. The pouch has a vaginal-like opening through which the penis extends when sexually aroused.

The Vulcan penis flushes green due to engorged blood vessels (their blood is copper-based, like Romulans or Caprians), however due to its enormous size (reports have compared its length and circumference to that of a human infant's arm), it is unable to stand fully erect even when fully engaged.

Very little is known about Vulcan female anatomy at this time; due to the enormous length and girth of the Vulcan male penis, it can be assumed that the corresponding female genitalia is either exceptionally flexible or exceptionally large, although speculation that species with diminutive penetrative members would find copulation akin to "throwing a pencil down a mineshaft" is perhaps premature.

2) Sexual encounters

Vulcans are notoriously reticent about reporting on their own sexual proclivities and traditions; interviews with various Vulcans have yielded unsatisfying answers regarding anything to do with sex. However, reports from third parties have indicated that one Vulcan sexual encounter typically lasts from between four to seventeen hours. There is little information at present indicating what these encounters involve; further information is needed.

3) Special Skills

Vulcans are a telepathic race, and apparently there is such a thing as a "sex-bond" that is undertaken just prior to climax. This produces such an intense orgasm that interviewees have reported blackouts.

4) Compatability

At this time, only two human females have been confirmed non-Vulcan partners with any Vulcan. Reports indicate that sexual activity with a Vulcan is very cardio-heavy; prospective partners are advised to train beforehand as well as "carb up" before attempting copulation. Any other species who can report copulating with Vulcans are welcome to come forward.

5) Safety Tips

The Vulcan penis is, as mentioned large and heavy; receiving partners are advised to stretch accordingly and exercise caution during any mating. Andorian females, Tellerite males, and Uxothians of any gender are recommended to avoid penetrative sex. The athletic aspects of Vulcan sex would seem to preclude Ferengi and Betelgeusians from attempting this pairing; however as with all cross-species sexual activity, where there's a will there is often--

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph and the camel," Leonard mutters, leaning over Jim's shoulder. "Jim, you are a Grade-A prime beef moron, you know that?"

Jim barely reacts; Leonard glances down at his face. Jim looks like he's in some kind of fugue state, typing furiously at the console, referring occasionally to a PADD on the table. "Hey, Bones," he says, dull and monotone. Leonard reaches for his medical scanner on his belt.

"What's the last species you fucked?" he asks, concerned. "You look a little peaky. If it was that Retellian girl who was making eyes at you about expanding knowledge, I told you their saliva could do that to human testicles--"

"I haven't fucked anybody -- get *off*," Jim mutters, but half-heartedly, with none of the glares and bitter hatred that usually accompanies Leonard's attempts to prevent Jim's death by penis leprosy. "*Gaila's* in charge of the Fucking Club -- did you know everyone's calling it the Fucking Club? -- I'm in charge of synthesizing reports."

Leonard straightens up, watches as Jim's posture relaxes, then zaps him with an antibacterial hypospray while his guard is down. Just because Jim says he's not sticking his business anywhere he can put it doesn't mean he's actually practicing any degree of self-control. The last time Jim had sworn he was celibate, Leonard had found three giggling first-years hiding in the sonic shower.

"Dammit, Bones!"

"So that report you're 'synthesizing' right now," Leonard says, putting away his scanner so that he can use air quotes with his fingers in a suitably insulting way, "Let me guess, Uhura gave it to you?"

"If you know of anyone else who's gotten so thoroughly fucked by him -- by a Vulcan that they can't walk for three days, speak now or forever hold your peace," Jim mutters, turning back to the console.

Leonard savors this moment, and wonders if there's any way to casually turn on the vid recorder in the console so that he can capture the expression on Jim's face for all eternity. "Well, I heard Pike rode it 'till the wheels fell off, Spock's second year. If that's the kind of alternate source material you're looking for."

Jim freezes, then turns very slowly around to look at Leonard. His eyes are bugged out and his jaw is slack, like someone slapped him around with a giant fish. "Wha'?"

"Of course what I heard was that Spock was more catcher than pitcher, if you catch my drift," Leonard continues. "You'll have to add the stuff about the exceptional sensitivity of the Vulcan prostate and how when he takes it, apparently he's so loud he--"

"I hate life," Jim decides, wide-eyed but obviously seeing nothing.

The mental images of Pike fucking Spock open until Spock's sobbing across Pike's desk are so vivid in the haunted blue of Jim's eyes that Leonard considers -- for a moment -- his duties as a friend to help Jim in his time of need before saying, "All right, I'm going to go have dinner with Uhura."

Comatose in aroused horror, Jim's unresponsive, but Leonard figures he'll keep until this whole thing stops being funny, so he puts on a leather jacket, slips his comm unit into his pocket and rolls out of the dorm room to leave Jim to his own amusements. Which will probably involve masturbating angrily and doing astrophysics to express his manpain, if past history is any sort of indicator of future behavior.

"Lieutenant Uhura," Leonard says, sliding into a chair next to her at the restaurant and grinning.

Uhura smiles back, serene. "Dr. McCoy."

"You," he says, pointing at her, "are a *stone cold bitch*."

She laughs, and it's sparkling and distracting as fuck, and if she hadn't just given his best friend and roommate a God damn brain hemorrhage writing about her ex-boyfriend's junk Leonard would be horribly turned on by it.

"It's his own fault for being such an aggressively famous size queen," she tells him, and then before Leonard can ask how the fuck *everybody*knows about Jim being an aggressive size queen, Gaila slips into the open seat to his left, looking chipper, saying:

"Guys, guys! Amazing news. I ran into Spock on the way over here -- "

"Oh Jesus Christ," Leonard says, and motions frantically for booze.

" -- and after he said thanks but no thanks to sex, he did agree to look over the Vulcan section and edit it for factual accuracy," Gaila gushes, sighing dreamily. "He's just so nice."

Gaila probably goes on, because for an Orion, Gaila has a shockingly nonsexual crush on Spock centered largely around the fact that nothing perturbs the motherfucker, but Leonard can't really hear it over Uhura's shrieks of laughter and his own hiccuping guffaws.

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Gaila is an exceptionally gifted xenolinguist; not as brilliant as her roommate, but then Nyota is an outlier in almost every grading curve, and comparison is not helpful when noting individual accomplishment. Gaila's status as one of the top students in her class would excuse his preference, were there any other Vulcans to see and comment; but he has a suspicion that even if Gaila performed abysmally, he would still take pleasure in her company and conversation.

"Thank you so much for looking this over, Commander," she says again, sliding the PADD across his desk and leaning forward in her chair, the better to cup her chin in her hands and use her forearms to frame her generous cleavage to its best advantage. "Are you positive you don't want to at least consider joining the Collaborative Reproductive Health Association? We've got scientific protocols," she adds, in the coy tones Spock remembers Nyota once using when she informed him that she was wearing non-regulation undergarments under her cadet uniform.

"I appreciate the repeated offers, Ensign," Spock tells her, "But I must decline."

Gaila pouts, but cheerfully; she is of a sunny disposition that reminds Spock oddly of his own mother. "You're such a cocktease, Commander," she says -- that does *not* remind Spock of his mother -- and gets to her feet. "Let me know what you think! We're not working with a lot of information -- it might help if you filled out our survey--"

"Thank you, Cadet," Spock interrupts. "I will get back to you within the next twenty-four hours."

Gaila beams and trips out the door; Spock finishes his report on the commendation recommendations requested by the Admiralty. Admiral Pike expressed concern at first about requiring Spock to recall the events of Vulcan's destruction, but as Spock pointed out, writing formal observations about the events hardly increased their trauma to his psyche.

"I didn't even know you *had* a psyche," Pike teased, and allowed the subject to drop.

There are fourteen commendations he feels are appropriate to give, based on his own personal observations. He knows that not all of them will receive medals, and that some people he has not put forward will; this will be a political ceremony, having little to do with genuine accomplishments on behalf of those awarded. Still, there is merit in what he is doing.

Three of his recommendations are for Vulcans, the pilots of two escape pods and the captain of an emergency transporter who had, upon clearing the atmosphere of Vulcan prior to its destruction, searched through the remains of the six destroyed Starfleet vessels for possible survivors. Between them they were able to rescue twenty-nine cadets -- one of whom has just left his office.

Seven recommendations are for various members of the bridge and medical crew aboard the Enterprise; Nurse Chapel had kept the infirmary running with her two hands and a trio of conscripted cadets from Engineering; Dr. McCoy had managed to save Captain Pike's life without any knowledge of the highly toxic agent he had been exposed to. Montgomery Scott, Lieutenant Flores, and Cadet Yglen had been responsible for the conception and execution of the warp-core ejection, which had saved the ship from certain destruction. Sulu and Chekov had both performed above and beyond the line of duty; Spock spends a moment wondering if Chekov will know of his recommendation, if he still harbors illogical guilt for his actions during the death of Spock's mother. He is aware that a young human can be susceptible to second-guessing, and he has been informed that Chekov spends long hours in the simulator, working out algorithms for shifting-target beaming protocols. He feels helpless to address such underlying emotional difficulties, and does not know if a recommendation will help or harm the child.

Spock struggled for some time with his recommendation for Nyota; even now, when their relationship is no longer one of furtive sexual urgency and romantic entanglements but has softened to a kind of mutual fond exasperation, he is reluctant to show favoritism. But in the end he bundles hers with the rest, because there is little need to worry about the opinion of others now.

Gaila was revived after her rescue suffering from severe oxygen deprivation; within ten minutes of regaining consciousness, she managed to boost the communication capability of the small, crowded escape pod filled with seven groggy cadets and almost forty devastated Vulcans. She sent a broadcast to the surviving vessels and coordinated their slow journey to T'Khut, Vulcan's sister-planet, where upon landing most Vulcan survivors began to exhibit the first signs of severe traumatic stress. When Starfleet's first rescue vessels arrived, Gaila debriefed them and argued for hours to arrange counselling and psychic aides from Betazed and other telepathic planets as soon as possible. It has already been agreed that her prompt action saved thousands of lives from grief-stricken suicide.

Captain Pike's recommendation is both obvious and difficult for a variety of reasons; as Pike's first officer, Spock wonders if there is an expectation that he will recommend Pike as a matter of course. However, Pike's sacrifice is one reason that they are still alive; there is no question that Pike's commendation will be approved, but something in Spock feels that it is too little, too rote a response to such bravery.

His final recommendation is also difficult; rather than read over his report on Cadet Kirk's various acts of mutiny, Spock puts aside his list and turns instead to Gaila's project. It will be a respite, after dealing with so much somber memory, to be reminded that the true spirit of scientific inquiry that characterizes Starfleet is still alive and well.

His calm lasts precisely 1.3 seconds. It is the first time Spock has ever regretted teaching himself to speed-read in four languages as a child.

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To: gliberace@starfleet.ea.edu
From: spock@starfleet.ea.fed
Subject: Your survey

Gaila, while I have worked diligently to improve my understanding of humor, I am still a very poor judge of it. As such I ask, is this a joke?

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To: spock@starfleet.ea.fed
From: gliberace@starfleet.ea.edu
Subject: Re: Your survey

Commander Spock! I would never waste you time like that! I am sitting here hanging out with Dr. McCoy and Lt. Uhura right now and we are totally talking about the project and looking forward to your input! We only want to be accurate, Commander.

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To: gliberace@starfleet.ea.edu

From: spock@starfleet.ea.fed
Subject: Re: Re: Your survey

I see.

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The patter of a post-romantic relationship is a thing even more foreign than a romantic one to Spock, and so of course he can't help but wonder if this is some sort of dramatically delayed expression of rage on Uhura's part for initiating the conclusion of their relationship. At the same time, although grossly inaccurate, nothing -- except for the aspersion cast upon his capacity for frequency of sexual intercourse -- is truly defamatory, and so it seems unlikely that this is a "going Glenn Close" moment, as Kirk once described had occurred with the last few second-years he'd slept with.

After he fortifies himself by sending a series of helpful, gently suggestive messages to Number One regarding Captain Pike's flagrant disregard for his own recovery and arranges a cup of hot tea in his favorite upper right-hand corner of his desk, he finds he has no other distractions to put off the inevitable and forces himself to address the issue at hand.

1) Anatomy

While Vulcan males may appear, upon preliminary examination, to possess genitalia similar to other humanoid species in this quadrant, they in fact have a reproductive system that is unique. ~~The Vulcan penis retracts into a pouch, possibly as a defense mechanism against the wild desert animals that populated Vulcan. The pouch has a vaginal-like opening through which the penis extends when sexually aroused.~~ **The Vulcan penis, unlike many humanoid forms, does not stiffen and respond involuntarily, and can be controlled by will; the reason for this is a thin layer of muscle beneath the soft tissue. There were no wild desert animals which specifically attacked male Vulcan genitals, and initial surveys of Vulcan's new colony betray no indication of similar-minded attackers.**

The Vulcan penis flushes green due to engorged blood vessels (their blood is copper-based, like Romulans or Caprians), ~~however due to its enormous size (reports have compared its length and circumference to that of a human infant's arm), it is unable to stand fully erect even when fully engaged.~~ **and, despite apparently rampant urban legends, is more than capable of standing fully erect even when fully engaged, no matter how large it may become. Anecdotally, no stories of Vulcan male penises the size of any infant's arm has ever been reported, although to conclusively rule out such a possibility would be irresponsible given the fact that there appears never to have been a scientifically sound study commissioned on the subject.**

~~Very little is known about Vulcan female anatomy at this time; due to the enormous length and girth of the Vulcan male penis, it can be assumed that the corresponding female genitalia is either exceptionally flexible or exceptionally large, although speculation that species with diminutive penetrative members would find copulation akin to "throwing a pencil down a mineshaft" is perhaps premature.~~ **[ed note: While I have no first-hand knowledge of Vulcan female reproductive organs, sufficient reproductive education during my pre-pubescent years leads me to believe that (a) these claims are completely false and (b) Vulcan females are more than capable of striking down or rendering paralyzed anyone who should make a claim that their partners would find their reproductive organs like "throwing a pencil down a mineshaft."]**

2) Sexual encounters

Vulcans are notoriously reticent about reporting on their own sexual proclivities and traditions; interviews with various Vulcans have yielded unsatisfying answers regarding anything to do with sex, **possibly because Vulcans are disinclined to disperse salacious details of what should be a private matter.** ~~However, reports from third parties have indicated that one Vulcan sexual encounter typically lasts from between four to seventeen hours. There is little information at present indicating what these encounters involve; further information is needed.~~ **While male Vulcans's muscular control over their penises could, theoretically, provide for significantly longer sexual intercourse than some other humanoid species, it is unlikely seventeen hours of penetrative sexual intercourse could be (or should be) achieved by the male Vulcan.**

3) Special Skills

Vulcans are a telepathic race, and apparently there is such a thing as a ~~"sex-bond"~~ **"mind meld" that** ~~is~~ **can be** undertaken just prior to climax. This produces such an intense orgasm that interviewees have reported blackouts--

At which point Spock feels dangerously close to experiencing an emotion, saves his edits, and shuts down the program to do something more worthwhile with his life.

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It's a terrible thing when Jim Kirk is quiet. It usually means he's either plotting or stewing over something, and in either case it leads to paperwork. So after five minutes of peacefully discussing crew deployments in the Still Totally

Hypothetical But Who Are We Kidding event that Starfleet gives Kirk the *Enterprise*, Pike sets down his PADD and laces his fingers together on the desk. "So."

Kirk looks up and stares at a space about six inches to the left and three inches higher than Pike's actual line of sight. "Yes sir," he says.

"How's the sexwiki going?"

That gets a flicker of a glance, although Kirk immediately resumes his study of the wall. "Sir?"

"Kirk, even if I hadn't been forwarded that stupid announcement message by every brown-noser looking to score points, and even if I somehow didn't notice that every other conversation going on in the hallways was about the latest data points regarding Gorn and Romulan sexual compatability, I'd still know about the sexwiki, because Cadet Gaila very kindly sent me a copy of her questionnaire." She'd been polite about it, and although the research she'd dug up on sexual positions available to humanoid paraplegics was probably inappropriate, it was appreciated. He hasn't filled out the questionnaire, but he's tempted every time he thinks about the fact that he won't be taking the *Enterprise* out on its next mission.

Kirk shuts his eyes, and when he opens them, he's looking straight at Pike, a grin fighting its way onto his face. "Science will not be stopped, sir."

"Yeah, neither will six hundred horny cadets, it seems."

"I've got to protest, sir," Kirk says. "We've got a number of enlisted and officers participating too."

"God, don't tell me that, the last thing I need is a mental image of Komack populating entries, so to speak." He expects Kirk to laugh at this, but instead Kirk winces. "What?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Out with it, Kirk."

Kirk squints at him, as if he's trying to calculate how far over the line he can go before he gets slapped around by Number One. In his defense, it's a valid concern. "I just -- heard a rumor, it's nothing. If you're interested in helping out in an advisory capacity, there's plenty of entries you can double-check for us."

A rumor. Having to do with him, but probably not *about* him; Kirk's impressionable, but *that* impressionable. Pike does some quick thinking and says, "Sure. Which entries do you want me taking a look at?"

"Uh -- you know. Whatever species you've... got experience with. Just send me a list, you don't have to name names or anything, just, like, Andorian, Rigellan, Vulcan -- or whatever."

And right then, the world crystallizes into comprehension. "Vulcan?" he repeats.

Kirk looks nauseated. "Or whatever," he repeats weakly.

Pike tries to say something professional -- he's been an officer of Starfleet for almost three decades, a captain for nineteen years and an admiral for about five minutes -- but when he opens his mouth he actually makes this horrible honking sound that Number One's assured him sounds more like a dying goat than a laugh.

"Oh my God," he says, seeing through the tears in his eyes that Kirk is just sitting there like a guy in front of a firing squad. "What the hell kind of rumor was *that*?"

"Then you didn't--?"

It's none of Kirk's business -- it's none of anybody's business -- and Pike answers knowing full well that somewhere on campus, Spock is feeling a sudden murderous impulse and doesn't know why. "With *Spock?* No, Kirk, we didn't. Despite what you and your Xenopolitical professor *and* teaching assistant may think, there're strict codes of conduct at the Academy and even stricter ones in Starfleet itself. I did not -- what was the exact nature of the rumor?" he asks, because he has to.

Jim is clearly feeling more than one murderous impulse of his own. "That you rode it 'till the wheels fell off. Sir."

It's years of practice in crisis situations alone that allows him not to have some sort of hilarity-induced stroke, which would be a shame given how much effort was put into his rescue, subsequent medical procedures, and how much delight Spock takes in harassing him to show up for PT. Pike lets himself take a minute to try and formulate a response, because there's a lot of accidental subtext that could spill outward here: how Spock is his favorite, and how everybody knows; the humbling sweetness of Spock's years-ago crush on him; that time it could have been; how much Pike's going to fucking love the *shit* outta telling Spock all about this.

"Spock was an exceptional student, and is a fine officer," he decides to say finally, opting for truth. "But I wasn't ever able to get past the fact that he comes from a long line of scary motherfuckers who would kill me if I touched one hair on his head."

Kirk looks bewildered. "Sarek's scary? How?"

"Not Sarek," Pike says, feeling the pang that's gotten easier even in the past few weeks, the familiar pain of a lost friend. "Amanda Grayson. If she'd found out I'd been despoiling her little princess, I'd have lost the use of my legs a long time ago."

====

To: jkirk@starfleet.ea.e**du**
From: gliberace@starfleet.ea.edu
Subject: Slight problem

Hey sweetie-peen,

Listen, I got back Commander Spock's revisions on the sexwiki and there's kind of a lot of them? Also he wants to have a "serious conversation" with the "sub-par intelligence who no doubt falsified academic records in order to be admitted to Starfleet" who had the "poor taste to inflict such grievous misinformation upon the unwitting populace." I'm really bad at Stoic to Emotional translation, but I think he wants to strangle you. Again. Some more. Not in the way you like, either. I didn't tell him it was you, but you might want to think about a disguise and maybe a getaway plan.

Kisses!

Gaila

====

To: gliberace@starfleet.ea.edu
From: jkirk@starfleet.ea.edu
Subject: Re: Slight problem

For fuck's sake -- I JUST WROTE DOWN WHAT HIS GIRLFRIEND TOLD ME.

(And also, we only did the scarfing thing that once, and you enjoyed it way more.)

But thanks for the heads-up.

-Jim

P.S. It's sweetie-PIE.

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To: spock@starfleet.ea.fed
From: cpike@starfleet.ea.fed
Subject: Words, we need to have them.

1630 -- my office?

====

When Gaila opens the door to her dorm room, she's expecting her seven o'clock fact-checking session -- a really adorable Maritian female -- and not Spock, who just sighs at her. "Gaila."

"Commander Spock!" she cheers. "It's such an honor -- come in! I have condoms ready. They're huge."

"Gaila, please put on a shirt," Spock asks, sounding tired. "And I am not here to have intercourse with you."

"Oh, well, I also have cookies," Gaila says, and ushers Spock into the room, directing him toward a chair and going off to find a shirt. Her breasts are, of course, completely fabulous, but she took her course in xenocultural social mores and understands that Vulcans are not as nipple-friendly as other people are.

She comes back with a shirt *and* a bra, and finds Spock eating a cookie and looking demoralized, sorting through a stack of their surveys. She climbs onto her bed cross-legged and peers at him curiously. "I made all the changes you suggested -- was there anything else wrong with the Vulcan entry?"

"I truly lack the words to describe all that's wrong with the Vulcan entry in your sexual database," Spock tells her flatly. "I am actually here to inquire on a...more private matter."

Gaila feels her eyes widen, and she resists the urge to reach out and clasp Spock's hands. They're super hot and very long-fingered; total tragedy he doesn't want to have intercourse with her right now. "Spock, is this about your giant peen?"

Spock's eyebrows make a threatening twitch. "Gaila, my penis is well within the range of normal humanoid penises."

"Spock, without observation can there truly be science?" Gaila asks, and before Spock can go green and annoyed, she plows on, "Anyway, what was your private thing that is not about your peen that you wanted to talk about?"

"Give me another cookie," Spock says, and after Gaila does, and kindly allows him to stuff most of it in his mouth, she takes the rest of it away from him and stares at him meaningfully until Spock says, "Are you aware that there is a rumor going around Starfleet that when he was still a captain, Admiral Pike and I were involved?"

Furrowing her brow, Gaila asks, holding the cookie away from him, "Involved?"

"I believe the quote was that he 'rode it until the wheels fell off,'" Spock tells her. "It being me, of course."

"Oh, that kind of involved," Gaila says, disappointed. "I mean, did he?"

Spock snatches the cookie back from her. "*No*."

"That's a tragedy," Gaila says. "You two would be gorgeous together."

Plus, she's heard some fantastically freaky-deaky things about Pike, and it'd be nice to have at least second-hand experience, since her repeated offers have all been declined so far. Besides, it would probably do Spock some good to be ridden until the wheels fall off. Gaila has always had a soft spot for him ever since they were both remanded to a sexual harassment seminar after she'd asked him about what his semen tasted like during a class and Spock had very politely answered her, but then some teacher had showed up and gotten all weird about a totally innocent discussion, and they'd commiserated over the patently arbitrary nature of Starfleet's behavior rules.

"Focus, Gaila," Spock tells her.

"Right," she says, and leaning back on the bed, she muses, "Well, maybe it's the way you were all in love with him and stuff."

This time, Spock actually does blush dark green, involuntary, even though not a muscle on his face moves. "I was very discreet."

"You like, brought him an apple," Gaila reminds him, because Spock had, flagrantly.

Looking pained, Spock sighs. "I had hoped you would see fit not to mention my youthful fit of demonstrative sexual permissiveness."

"Yeah, you mad touched his elbow," Gaila says, because her version of that sort of behavior, as translated out of Vulcan and into Orion, involves oral sex. Realizing, Gaila says, "Oh, no, Spock, did he find out?"

"Apparently he's known for some time," Spock mutters. "It was brought to his attention today again and he felt the need to warn me the rumor was still in circulation."

Gaila gives him another cookie, because she thinks that Spock could do to have a little more cushion for the pushin'. "Did you give him another apple?" she asks sympathetically; she'd suggested a long time ago they just actually fuck, but Spock had made that pinched face at her and Gaila had rolled her eyes and gone back to bedazzling her nipple.

Here, Spock's eyes go sharp. "No. Jim Kirk was attempting to solicit a second opinion for your database from him." Pause. "About Vulcans."

"Oh, wow," Gaila murmurs. "Are you going to choke him again? You know he likes that."

"I was," Spock admits. "But Admiral Pike managed to persuade me that as wrongheaded and worthy of choking as Cadet Kirk's actions were, they were rooted in a basic lie, and I should not fault him for relying on available data."

Gaila can't resist a little fizz of anticipation. "*Spock*," she coos. "You look *vengeful*."

"I am," Spock tells her simply, and holding up one of the surveys, neatly filled in with Uhura's slanted handwriting, he says, "And I have a target."

====

Jim doesn't really take Gaila's warning seriously -- he's an officer of Starfleet, and more importantly he's the son of Winona "I Will Fuck You Up If You Look At Me Sideways" Kirk, inventor of the magnetic flux coil as a weapon -- but still, when he comes back to his rooms that night and finds Spock lurking by his door, he has some serious flight-or-flight instincts kicking in. "Uh," he says, cleverly.

"Cadet," Spock says.

Jim grits his teeth, because it bugs him that everyone has started calling him "Captain" already, even though he hasn't graduated yet, much less served as a line officer or in general proved that he's good for anything except almost getting blown up. But Sulu, Chekov, Scotty, even Uhura -- the people that he fought with on the *Enterprise* -- they call him "Captain," like he's got any right to their respect at all.

Except, of course, Spock doesn't. There's a reasonable part of Jim that argues that Spock's probably just being precise -- on the official papers, it still reads Cadet 1st Class James T. Kirk -- but it's drowned out by the larger part of Jim that's seen Spock's pettiness and vengeance and need to keep people at a distance. Not only seen it, but understood it, and there's nothing just precise about the way Spock calls Jim "Cadet."

"Yes, Commander," Jim answers.

"I wondered if you had a few moments available?"

There's something weirdly quiet and furtive about the way Spock says that, and Jim can't lie; he's had this fantasy a couple times already, only in his fantasy Spock didn't have -- "Are those cookie crumbs on your uniform?"

Spock sweeps his hand down the flat plane of his torso, efficient and brisk and managing to dislodge the cookie dust. "Yes," he says smoothly. Jim opens his door and doesn't ask.

"So what can I do for you, Commander?" Jim says, wincing as he turns on the light because a) that's how the fantasy goes, and the next line is something like "I find myself unbearably horny when in proximity to you, Captain," and Spock's probably not going to follow the script; b) Bones was here recently; and c) Bones is a one-man fire hazard.

Spock freezes in the doorway, his eyes going almost imperceptibly wider, but to his credit doesn't comment on the small tornado that looked like it went through half the room. "I wished to discuss the sexual database and your entry on

Vulcans," he says, and the weird thing here is that Jim's the one blushing -- he'd have expected Spock to stammer and twitch when talking about anything to do with the genital area, but no, it's Jim who's gotten all flushed and warm under the constricting collar of his uniform.

"Uh, Gaila mentioned there were some concerns," he allows, sitting down on his bed before realizing that'd be a bad place both physically and mentally for him to be. So he sits down at his desk and gestures for Spock to take a seat at Bones's.

"There are many, many, many concerns," Spock says, "But in fact I wished to ask from where you drew your information, as I have reason to believe there may be some -- conflict of interest."

"Conflict of interest," Jim repeats.

"Yes." Spock sits there and Jesus, it's like his old dog Howie was whenever Jim was eating a sandwich -- he wouldn't beg, he wouldn't do anything but sit there and stare you into submission. Howie died one fat fuck of a dog, if Jim remembers correctly.

Jim reminds himself that he's a grown-ass man and should probably not start off on the wrong foot with his soon-to-be-even-if-there's-a-slight-kidnapping-charge-First Officer by giving him a sandwich. So to speak. "I'm afraid those surveys were filled out in confidence. Can't help you."

Spock looks irritated, which means Spock looks like normal except his left eyebrow has dipped down a tenth of a centimeter. "I have already ascertained independently that it was Lieutenant Uhura who filled out the only survey you have gotten that deals with Vulcan sexual practices," he says. "I merely wish to corroborate this with you, so that I can take appropriate action."

"I told you, I can't -- wait what? Appropriate action?" Jim blinks, then narrows his eyes at Spock. "Is that like, some sort of code?"

"What would it be code for, precisely?" Spock asks.

"I honestly have no clue," Jim replies.

That eyebrow does another tenth of a centimeter, and Jim has to fight every instinct in his body that tells him to cover his fucking nuts.

"I assume you mean something tied to revenge," Spock prompts, and Jim scowls at him, says:

"I recognize that's a lowly human concept, but -- "

"Because if so, your assumption is correct," Spock interrupts him.

Jim says, "nrgh," and thinks about Bones, freshly hung over, Bones, crying and snotty over his ex-wife, Bones, threatening to chemically castrate Jim, in order to tamp down his knee-jerk spike of arousal at that.

"Your participation in this is optional, of course," Spock continues.

"Spock," Jim tells him honestly, "I would not fucking miss this for the world."

"Excellent," Spock says, not a single fluctuation in his tone, and produces a PADD seemingly out of nowhere. "It is a four-part plan."

Notes:

This was written wa-hey back in March 2010; it's been posted here mainly because I (leupagus) was bored one evening and realized it had never got uploaded. We will not be writing any more of this; consider this story complete.

Any rude demands for MOAR NAOW will be summarily eyebrowed and ignored.

Close (#)